

# FEATURE FUNNIES



NOVEMBER

NO. 14

10¢

I LIKE THE WAY THE BOYS ARE  
TACKLING THE DUMMIES THIS  
YEAR, NED!



JOE PALOOKA



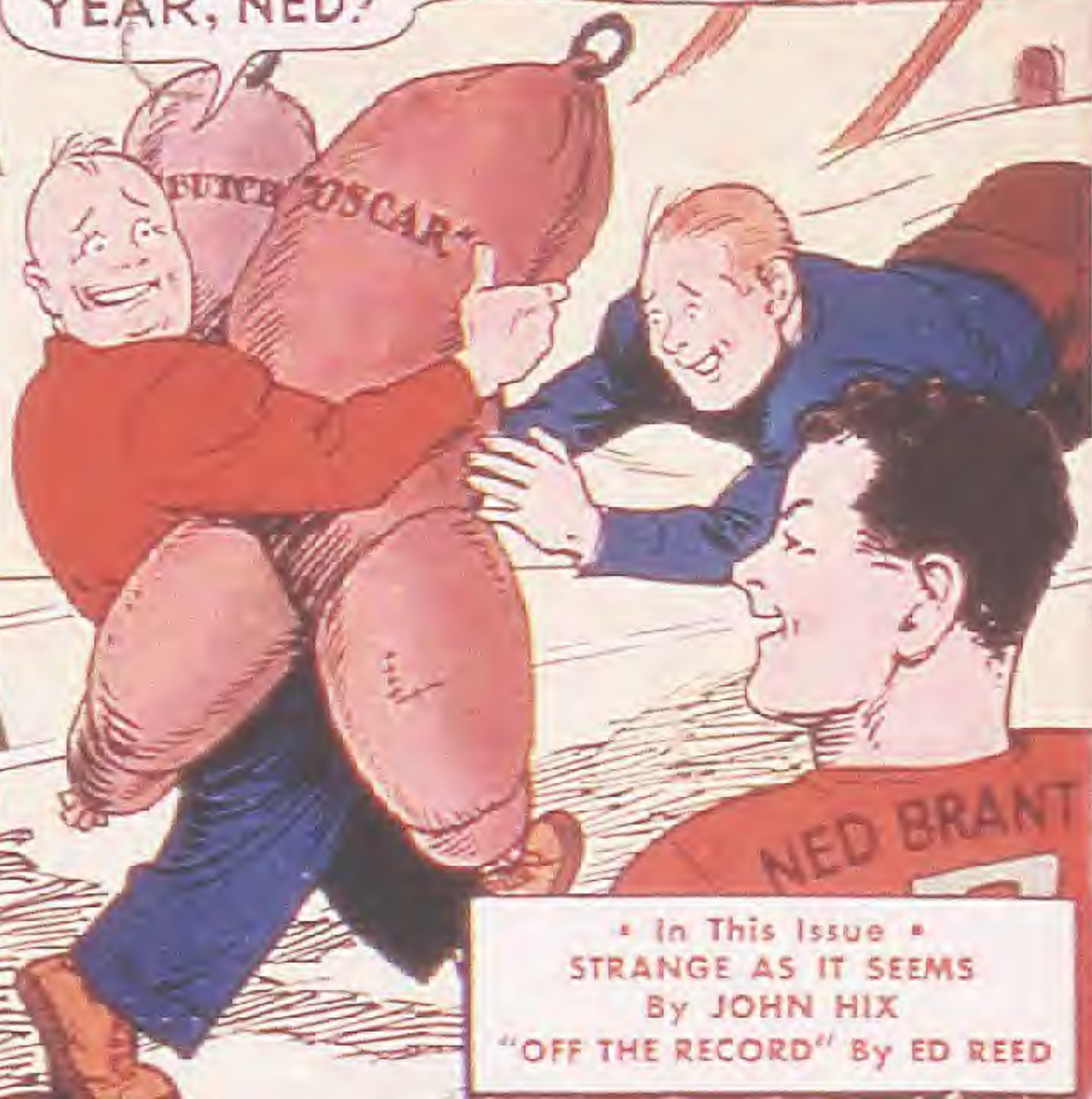
MICKEY FINN



LALA PALOOZA



THE BUNGLES



NED BRANT

• In This Issue •  
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS  
By JOHN HIX  
"OFF THE RECORD" By ED REED



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



double your fun  
with the



Joe Buck Jones in  
his latest Columbia  
Picture, "The Sign-  
post from Arizona"

# DAISY "DOUBLE-GUN"

- 100 Shot repeater
- Two barrels—two triggers
- Automatic force-feed
- Engraved jacket
- Oval hardwood stock



**\$5.00**

**W**HEN you get your hands on this Daisy you'll think you're holding a high-priced double-barrel shotgun. How-  
ever! You can't tell the difference 'til you see that it actu-  
ally has two genuine Daisy force-feed shot tubes—one in  
each of its two full size hard steel barrels. To load it you  
remove both tubes and fill them up—50 shots each—then  
screw them back in. Now rock both barrels at one time  
with a simple break-action. When you try the triggers  
nothing happens—they're locked! What? Because when the Daisy  
Double-Gun is cocked, the safety  
automatically locks both triggers—  
it can't go off accidentally. You  
leave the safety on 'til you're ready  
to shoot. Then a simple little push  
with the thumb and it's off. You



Here is Daisy's  
safety device—two triggers  
and double break-action

take aim (and it's  
perfectly balanced for  
easy aiming) and bang!  
bang!—first trigger, second  
trigger—two shots with one  
cocking! This amazing Daisy  
is really two straight-shooting  
hard-hitting air rifles in one. When  
you go to the store to see it, watch for  
the beautifully engraved dog and bird  
design on the jacket, the polished oval  
stock, and—in all means—pick it up! Get  
the swing and "feel" of this sturdy beauty.  
You'll be proud to own a Daisy Double-Gun.

Which Daisy do YOU want? See these models—many  
more—in new four-color descriptive catalog. Send for  
one today—it's FREE!

## Improve Your Aim With the NEW DAISY 'SCOPE



No. 100 Daisy Telescope  
Scope. Extensive models  
make it easy to attach this  
power scope to any Daisy  
rifle (except Double-Gun). And  
they generally double the  
size of your target. Fully  
equipped with accurate dis-  
tance gauge and reflect

or scope. This power telescope sight will make it  
easy to reach an amazingly far shot. Complete ready  
to shoot is wanted everywhere. **\$1.00**  
FIT THE NEW DAISY SCOPE TO ANY  
OF THESE MODELS

No. 100 Targeteer - Daisy  
multi-shot, repeating pistol.  
25 target shots, 1000 ft. range.  
Carries 100 shots in 10  
shots. (See picture on page  
backpage)

**COMPLETE \$2.00**

Excludes 100 per  
cent of tax



Good! (Daisy was factory-  
out with built-in 100 shots. For  
best results, use only Daisy  
for shot. It's approved for  
Daisy Targeteer.

No. 100 Daisy Single Shot.  
Steel shot, steel-steel.  
Natural finish hardwood stock. Every  
shot a Daisy.

**\$1.25**

No. 100 Daisy 500 Shot  
Repeater. Beautifully en-  
graved in polished metal. Natural hard-  
wood stock. Fill it up with 500 shot.

**\$1.75**

No. 100 Daisy Back Shot  
Special. Pump-repeater  
with back shot. Name  
engraved on jacket. Real compass and  
radial in hardwood stock.

**\$3.50**

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.  
10 UNION ST. PITTSBURGH, PA.





## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

BY THE WAY, YOU SHOULD BE FAST ON YOUR FEET NOW, LEARN TO TAKE A PIST.



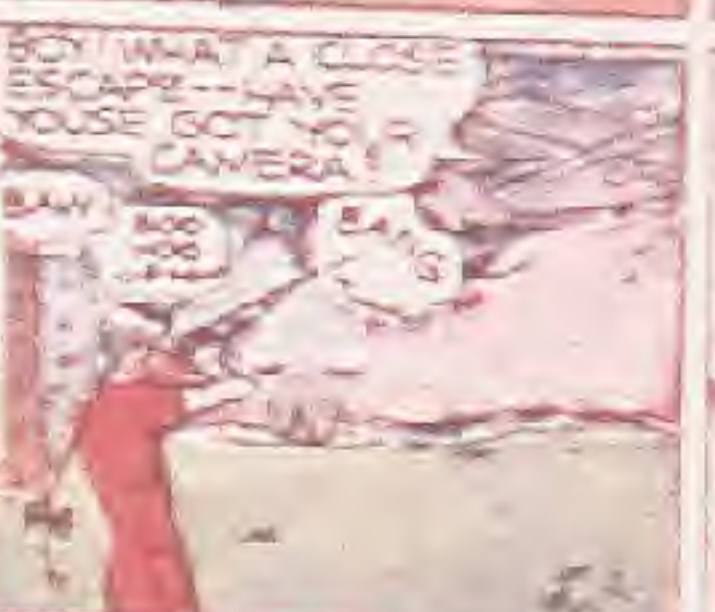
IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW BIG YOU ARE, IF YOU CAN'T FIGHT, YOU'RE A LOSER.



ADVISE USING 6 OR SIZE 8 GLOVES, SO AS NOT TO HURT A FELLA. NEXT WE TAKE UP 'POSTON'.

## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

NOW FOR POSITION. SEE HOW JOE HAS LEFT HIS LEFT HAND AND FOOT EXTENDED WITH BODY SLIGHTLY FORWARD.



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

DON'T  
YOUR  
PUNCH  
THAT  
ACCURATE  
THAT  
ALWAYS  
WATCHING  
AN OPEN  
THEN PUNCH

WOMAN - CAN  
I HAVE AN  
EXTRA  
PILLOW?

OF  
COURSE

HAVE AN  
OLD PILLOW  
AND TRY  
LEARNING TO  
JAB WITH  
YOUR LEFT  
IT'S YOUR  
MOST  
IMPORTANT  
WEAPON!

SO  
THAT'S  
IT!

## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

BOY - THIS IS THE  
LIFE! HAVIN' YER  
TRAININ' CAMP  
RIGHT ON  
THE OCEAN!

YOUSE  
SAID  
IT!

LET'S GO DOWN  
TO THE PUBLIC BEACH  
AND LOOK  
AROUND!

AWRIGHT

NOT A GOOD  
LOOKIN' BAL  
IN SIGHT!

LOOK!!  
IT'S JOE  
PALOOKA!

KID I HAVE  
YOUR AUTOGRAPH,  
MR. PALOOKA?

AWRIGHT  
KID, GIMME  
YER PENCIL  
HERE

I ME  
TOO

HEY - IN  
GONNA  
FOR A  
SWIM

I'LL JOIN YOUSE  
WHEN I GET THROUGH  
SIGNIN' THESE!

THIS IS  
THE LIFE!

!!!

HELP!!  
G-GULP!

WAVE  
IT PUFFIN'  
OUTGOSH  
I'LL HAVE  
IT'S BOY

YOU  
GONNA  
KNOBBY

WELL HE'S SURE - HE  
BE AWRIGHT - SLOPPED A LOT  
OF WATER AND  
FLOATED HIM -  
COME AROUND

IF THAT WAVE HADN'T  
BROUGHT IT BACK IT'D GIVE  
YOU A SPANKIN'  
THAT COST ME TWO  
DOLLARS

GEE!

More of Joe Palooka and Knobby in the December issue - on sale October 28th.



By Jo Metzger



"IT WAS NICE OF THE MAJOR TO SPLIT THE LOAD THIS WAY!"



WE'LL HAVE NO MORE  
POLE VAULTING ON OUR  
ATHLETIC  
PROGRAMS!



"HEY! ONE OF US IS DRIFTING AWAY FROM HOME!"

## MYSTERIOUS ERECTORSCOPE

THE DIRECTOR'S  
SURE GROUND



Only  Start

OH BOY! WITH CHRISTMAS FIREWORKS!  
**FREE**  
CATALOG AND COUPON

**SPENCER FIREWORKS CO.** 700 W. 10th St.,  
P.O. Box 200, Lawton, OK 73507

## ELECTRIC UNCOUPLING

These findings are consistent with the idea that the brain is not a single unit, but rather a collection of specialized modules. The brain is a complex system, and the different modules are responsible for different functions. The brain is a complex system, and the different modules are responsible for different functions.

Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 To \_\_\_\_\_  
 For \_\_\_\_\_  
 By \_\_\_\_\_  
 Received \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



# JANE ARDEN

By Mame Burton

JANE, YOU'RE SURE A BIG HELP IN RUNNING THESE RACKS DOWN?

WHO ARE YOU WAITING FOR JUST?



HMM, IT'S BLUE OLD BAKER, THE RACK-BEER!!



HE'S GREAT ON SHINDLING WIDOWS! IT'S A JOB FOR YOU! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!



SURE ENOUGH! HE HAD THIS PAPER TURNED TO THE DEATH NOTICES --



INSPECTOR, THAT'S OUR CHANCE -- COME ON!



I CHEATING WIDOWS IN HIS GAME HE WAS LOOKING UP NEW PROSPECTS! I'LL TRADE PLACES WITH ONE OF THEM!



BUT -- HE'S BOUND TO HAVE JUST SPOKE WITH ME!

IT'S UP TO ME TO CHANGE MY APPEARANCE -- LET'S CALL ON HIS ONE!

IT MAY WORK AT THAT!



BAKER SHINDLES WIDOWS, SAYS HARRY -- ARE YOU LISTENING?



I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU -- BUT --

BY HELPING YOU MAY SAY I'M A WOMAN -- LITTLE MISS BAKER!

ALL -- RIGHT -- I'LL DO IT!

SURELY LET JANE TAKE OLD PLACE FOR A FEW DAYS!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

OH -- UNCLE PIKE DONE BUSTED HIS SPECKTACLES!



WHAT'S WRONG AT THE POST OFFICE?

THAT'S NOT SERIOUS -- JUST GET MAIL AND --



BUT -- WHO'LL SORT OUT THE WRITING UNCLE PIKE DON'T FE --

WORST THING EVER DO HAPPEN HERE!



SUCKS, I'LL SORT MAIL FOR YOU!

IT'S GAIL SORTING MAIL FOR YOU!



SHE KNOWS I WON'T DO IT! DO YOU THINK I'LL TAKE IT?

TAINT RIGHT FER ANYBODY BUT WE TSPORT MAIL -- BUT COME LONG!



NOW, IF YOU WISH -- FAVOR ME EASTER!



YE HIN READ ME TO POST -- CARDS -- LIKE T'HOON THAT'S DON!



## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE









# JANE ARDEN

By Marion Harlow and Howard A. Shaw

AS JANE  
PLACES  
THE  
CROOK  
BLEND  
BAKER

HE SAYS I  
HAVE \$5000  
CREDIT ON 00  
STOCK SHARES  
THE BALANCE  
DUE IS  
18500

IT'S A  
GOOD STOCK  
AND MORE  
THAN  
18500 ON

I'M  
KIND  
OF  
SICK  
OF  
THE  
STOCK  
MARKET  
I'D  
LIKE  
TO  
SEE  
THE  
BANK  
IN  
THE  
MIDDLE  
OF  
THE  
STREET

EXACTLY  
THE  
SAME  
AS  
THE  
BANK  
IN  
THE  
MIDDLE  
OF  
THE  
STREET  
THE  
BALANCE  
DUE IS  
18500

COME  
SPECTOR  
IT'S  
OVER  
I'VE  
NEED  
YOUR  
HELP

OKAY  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT

HERE YOU ARE  
HOLD IT MRS  
HARDY IT'S  
A FINE  
STOCK!  
HMM I'M SURE  
THIS IS CROOKED  
IF I COULD  
ONLY PUT MY  
FINGER ON IT

WELL  
IS A REAL  
CERTIFICATE  
THEY'RE  
ALMOST  
ALWAYS  
BUT

I'VE  
GOT  
IT  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT

WE'VE  
GOT  
CHA  
BAKER  
YOU WON'T  
CHEAT ANY  
WIDOWS TOO  
A LONG TIME  
NOW MISTER

WHY  
DO  
YOU  
DO  
THE  
CHORES  
SOTTA  
BEDONE  
GET  
BUSY  
GO  
GOWN  
ACQUIN  
NOW

DON'T  
GET  
THE  
BROOD  
FOR  
THE  
FATHER

DON'T GO  
DANL FOR  
WE WON'T  
GET A SHOT  
AT THE  
BANSHERS  
LAW! DID HE  
COME TSHOOT  
THAT GHOST?  
AUM  
HAD

WHY LET'S  
DAN BOONE  
BEST  
KID  
THAT  
EVER  
LIVED  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT

SOME  
FURNER  
ABOUT  
VE MAYBE  
DAY  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT

I'VE  
GOT  
IT  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT  
I'VE  
GOT  
IT





[illegible]



# BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN





# Big Top By ED WHEELAN

JUST BEFORE THE THIRD SHOW IN BARNSBORO JEFF SITS WITH HIS LEGAL ADJUSTER, MAX FOX—

THINGS ARE SWELL HERE, AREN'T THEY MAX?



THREE GOOD SHOWS AT BARNSBORO HERE—WHY, WE'LL BE ON VELVET UNLESS SOMETHING UNLOOKED FOR HAPPENS!



BUT JEFF—THINGS ARE ALWAYS HAPPENING TO A CIRCUS!! AND HOW!



MEANWHILE IN HER TENT, MYRA BREAKS DOWN WHILE PUTTING ON HER MAKE-UP

OH DEAR! HAL HAS AVOIDED ME ALL DAY—AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT—



SUDDENLY MYRA SITS ERECT—

ANYWAY HE SHOULDN'T BE AS INDIFFERENT AS THIS!



HE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN IT SO FOR GRANTED THAT I WAS CRAZY ABOUT HIM—ER—EVEN IF I AM—BUT—



I MIGHT HAVE BEEN SORRY IF HE HADN'T SO AVOIDED ME! BUT NOW I'M NOT!



MEANWHILE IN THE CROWNS' TENT—

—AND DAD, WHEN I WAS OVERJOYED AT SEEING MYRA, AND STARTED TO KISS HER SHE BECAME DISTANT—



DAD—IS MYRA FOND OF TEX, ROPER WHO REPLACED ME WHEN I COULD NOT OPEN WITH THE SHOW?



HOOEY HAL—



WELL—YOU NEVER CAN TELL DAD—MYRA WAS ALWAYS CRAZY ABOUT THE WEST—SHE WAS ALWAYS ASKING ME ABOUT MY RANCH IN CALIFORNIA.



I KNOW HAL—BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT TEX ROPER! HE'S NEVER BEEN THE STAR THAT YOU HAVE—YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE MYRA CARES FOR—YOU CAN BET ON THAT—



WELL—WHAT DO YOU ADVISE ME TO DO?



LISTEN—MYRA DOES HER TRAPEZE ACT IN A FEW MINUTES—STOP HER AT THE ENTRANCE—AND CHAT WITH HER NATURALLY



THANKS DAD—I'LL DO THAT!



AND MYRA, NOW AWAITING HER MUSIC CUE IS JOINED BY THE NEW COWBOY STAR, TEX ROPER—

I SURE WANTA MEET YOUR BOY FRIEND, HAL, MISS MYRA!



MISS MYRA, THAT'S WHAT THEY TOLD ME WHEN I JOINED THE CROWNS—WHY IF I HADN'T THOUGHT THAT—D—ER—



SEE HERE, TEX—THEY'VE BEEN POOLING YOU!! I HAVEN'T ANY SO-CALLED BOY FRIEND!



I GEE—I SURE AM SORRY, MISS MYRA!!



HAL OVERHEARS MYRA TALKING TO TEX—

I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND TEX—THERE'S MY MUSIC!



YES, MISS MYRA, SURE DO!



HAL TURNS QUICKLY AND LEAVES—

I TOO NOW UNDERSTAND WHY!



DAD—I'M DONE WITH MYRA! SHE'S INTERESTED IN TEX ROPER NOW!



WHY HAL, YOU'RE CRAZY!



CONTINUED



# CLIP CHANCE AT CLIFFSIDE

BY *JOE HERMAN*

BERT BALL THREATENS TO KICK CLIP ON THE BEACH BY REPLACING HIM AT RIGHT HALF OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM. THIS HE HAS DONE TO A CERTAIN EXTENT; BALL IS AT RIGHT HALF AND CLIP IS HIS RUNNING MATE AT LEFT HALF BECAUSE OF BERT'S ABILITY AS A BALL CARRIER HE DOES MOST OF THE RUNNING—AND CLIP, A GREAT TONKLE-THROAT MAN, RUNS INTERFERENCE FOR THE CONCEITED ATHLETE.



IT MAKES ME SORE CLIP TO THINK YOU'RE JUST A BUMMER FOR THAT SHOW-OFF, BALL—

FORGET IT, SLIM—



IF IT MEANS A WINNING COMBINATION I'M SATISFIED—GIVE HIM CREDIT, HE'S ONE GRAND PLAYER—

YOU MEAN A GRANDSTAND PLAYER—HERE HE IS! NOW!



HELLO BERT—

WELL—HOW DAW INTERFERENCE AND HIS SHADOW FEEL TODAY?

DROOPY!



YES SO—THE WAY I FEEL TODAY, I'M GOING TO RUN THAT TRENT TEAM RAGGED—

CHON CLIP—IT'S ALMOST GAME TIME AND YELL BE LATE IF WE STOP TO LISTEN TO WINDY—



BEFORE THE TEAM GOES ON THE FIELD COACH BUDD HAS A TALK WITH THE PLAYERS

PLAY TOGETHER BOYS. DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THIS TRENT TEAM, THEY'RE THE TOUGHEST BUNCH WE'VE FACED YET—



DON'T WORRY, COACH— WITH ME PLAYING MY USUAL BANG-UP GAME, WE CAN'T LOSE—



THE GAME IS ON!  
LEE OF CLIFFSIDE GETS THE BALL ON  
THE WARM-UP AND ADVANCES IT 30 YARDS  
BEFORE HE IS DOWNED BY BOB SULLIVAN.  
TRENDS SMOOZY LEFT END -



ON THE NEXT PLAY, SLIM WHIPS A  
SHOOT PASS TO BERT - - - -



AND CLIP MOVES THE WAY WITH PERFECT  
INTERFERENCE FOR THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN



A MIGHTY CHEER GOES UP FOR BALL



LATER,  
AS THE  
BRIGGART  
BALL CROSSES  
THE  
GOAL  
LINE  
FOR THE  
THIRD  
TOUCH-  
DOWN -



THE WHISTLE BLOWS, ENDING THE HALF,  
WITH CLIFFSIDE LEADING, 20 TO 0 - - -



THE TEAMS START FOR THE LOCKER ROOMS -

WHY DON'T YOU CARRY  
THE BALL CHANCE,  
AFRERD I'LL  
SHOW YOU  
UP?

LAY OFF,  
BERT -



COACH  
BADD  
OVER-  
HEADS  
BERT'S  
DEFENSE

SO, WE'S STILL DOING  
CLIP - WELL, I'LL FIX  
HIS HISSON  
ONCE AND  
FOR ALL!





WITH ALL BUT FOUR MINUTES OF THE LAST QUARTER GONE, COACH BARD DECIDES TO YANK THE FIRST TEAM--



-WE'RE AHEAD, 26 TO 0 BOYS, HOLD IT AT THAT AND YOU'LL BE DOING FINE--



ON THE FIRST PLAY, THE TRENT LINE BREAKS THROUGH CLIFFSIDE'S SECOND TEAM AND SMOTHERS BERT--



ON THE NEXT PLAY BALL TRYING AN END RUN WITHOUT CLIFF'S INTERFERENCE IS EASILY DRAGGED DOWN BY 2 TRENT MEN--



WOOF!!

SOMETHING'S WRONG, I'LL GIVE THOSE BIRDS A LITTLE PEP TALK--



-LISTEN, YOU BUNCH OF SECOND STRINGERS, GET BEHIND ME, I'VE GOT THE STUFF BUT I NEED A LITTLE HELP--NOW LET'S GET GOING--WE GOT ABOUT TEN SECONDS TO GO--



WATCH ME GO THIS TIME, KID--



BERT DECEIVES A SHORT LATERAL AND STARTS AROUND REUT-END

AS THE WHISTLE BLOWS ENDING THE GAME, BERT IS SENT HURLING THROUGH THE AIR--

AGAIN!-  
SEN. WHAT'S THIS?

THE DAY, YOU'RE IT!









# OFF THE RECORD BY ED REED



"SMITH, WHAT  
IS THIS DOING  
IN HERE?"

"YOUR NAME, PLEASE  
MADAM? NINE'S  
HARKINS."



"POOR FOO--  
THE TRAILER  
CRAZE MADE HIM  
HOMELESS."



"HE MUST BE LOOKING FOR A  
SIGHT, HEARING THAT CHIP ON  
HIS SHOULDER ALL DAY!"



"THE SCHULTZ,  
CAN'T YOU WAIT  
TIL WE FINISH  
THE BUILDING?"







ESCAPING THE HIRED ASSASSINS OF SIR BORAT, NEVILLE OPENLY ACCUSES THE VILLANOUS KNIGHT OF HIS TREACHERY. ONLY THE STERN VOICE OF THE DUKE OF BERRENGAR STOPPED THEIR DRAWN SWORDS.





THE TRUMPETS  
SOUND AGAIN.  
MARSHALS CLEAR  
THE FIELD. A  
PRIEST UTTERS  
A PRAYER  
THAT THE RIGHT  
WILL PREVAIL.  
AND THE TWO  
OPPOSING KNIGHTS  
TAKE THEIR  
STATIONS AT  
OPPOSITE ENDS  
OF THE LISTS.



THE DUKE GIVES THE FATEFUL SIGNAL. BREA-  
TH-  
LESS, SPELL-BOUND, THE SPECTATORS WATCH AS NEW  
LANCETS LEVELLED THE COMBATANTS THUNDER DOWN  
THE FIELD TOWARD EACH OTHER AT FULL GALLOP.



WITH A TERRIFIC IMPACT THE CHARGING KNIGHTS  
COLLIDE IN THE CENTER OF THE FIELD.

BY MY SOUL! BOTH HAVE  
ENDURED THAT SHOCK AS  
THOUGH WELDED TO THE  
HORSES BENEATH THEM.



THEY ARE READY TO  
CHARGE FOR THE  
SECOND BOUT!



AGAIN THE  
CLASH OF  
ARMS RINGS  
OUT ON BONES  
SHATTERED AND  
OPPOSITED IN  
THE AIR. BUT THE  
SOUND OF THE  
BLADES MEETS A  
LOUD THUNDER  
AS THE KNIGHTS  
CHARGE.



NEVILLE LEAPED FROM HIS HORSE TO JOIN  
THE BATTLE ON FOOT.



HAVE, I SHALL  
STAIN THE DUST  
BENEATH MY FEET  
WITH MY BLOOD.











AND BEFORE THE STARTLED MAIDEN RECOVERED  
HE HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE SHADOWS FROM  
WHICH HE HAD COME.











HEH-HEN, AS SOON AS I CUT THE ROPES MY HUNGRY GARRISON TROOPS WILL ATTACK!

THEY'RE SO VIOLENT FROM NOT EATING THEY'LL DEVOUR EVERYTHING— I LOVE WAR— IT'S SO DESTRUCTIVE!



READY—  
AIM—FIRE!  
(GULP)



BOOM!



AHH—SUCH BEAUTIFUL SCENERY! I'M FORGETTING ABOUT WAR!



MY BE-HO SOLDIERS WILL REALIZE HOW SILLY I AM!



THEY'RE OFF!—  
HOW MANY MORE TONS OF GRENADES CAN I GET? WHAT A GREAT DAY!



I DON'T HEAR ANY MORE SHOOTING—I GUESS THEY'VE WON WELL. I'LL GO DOWN AND GET REWARDED FOR BRAVERY!



HEY! WHAT'S THAT SOUND? SE PERIODS WITH KING OF THE ISLAND!

WHAT IS THAT?

SEEM TO BE YOU FEELING HAPPY—35% MORE LIKE A BETTER FEELING—AM I RIGHT?

DO YOU A HOG-ROD THE FEELING?



YOU'RE A GREAT KING—YOU WON OVER THE REBELS WITH A FEW HOT DOGS!

MY BE IF THE OTHER KINGS IN THE WORLD WOULD USE SANDWICHES INSTEAD OF BULLETS— I WOULD HAVE NO MORE WARS!

Another adventure of Archie O'Toole is the December issue—on sale October 28th









# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

## Legal Aid

By H. J. TUTTILL







# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

## ANOTHER NEIGHBORLY PROBLEM

By H. J. TUTTLE



Follow The Bungle Family in the December Issue—as sale October 28th.



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



EDWARD I. OF ENGLAND  
AN INVETERATE GAMBLER  
BORROWED MONEY FROM HIS  
BARBER TO SETTLE HIS  
"PITCH AND TOSS" DEBTS...



A FORCED LANDING WAS  
SPRACK PITCH WAS MADE BY  
PILOT JAMES BROCCOLI NEAR  
ROOSEVELT FIELD, L.I. 1931

THE V-SHAPED  
NOTCH IN MEN'S COAT  
LAPELS WERE ORIGINALLY  
DESIGNED TO HOLD  
TURNING UP COAT  
COLLARS IN BAD  
WEATHER...



MOOTORS OF THE  
STATES OF THE U.S.  
EMPLOY 7 DIFFERENT  
LANGUAGES...

GREEK  
LATIN  
SPANISH  
ENGLISH  
AMERICAN INDIAN  
ITALIAN  
AND FRENCH

IN MEMORY OF  
MR. NATHAN BOOTH  
WHO BORN IN BOSTON  
FEBRUARY 1815  
DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
MARCH 10 1885  
LIVED 70 YEARS  
AND 30 DAYS

Entered in the  
City of New York

## THE BRIDGE OF FEAR!

SO AFRAID OF WATER  
WAS HERACLIUS, EMPEROR OF BYZANTIUM  
THAT HE HAD A BRIDGE OF BOATS CONSTRUCTED  
ACROSS THE BOSPHORUS AND HAD THE SIDES  
SCREENED WITH TREES SO HE WOULD NOT  
SEE THE WATER WHEN HE CROSSED IT...

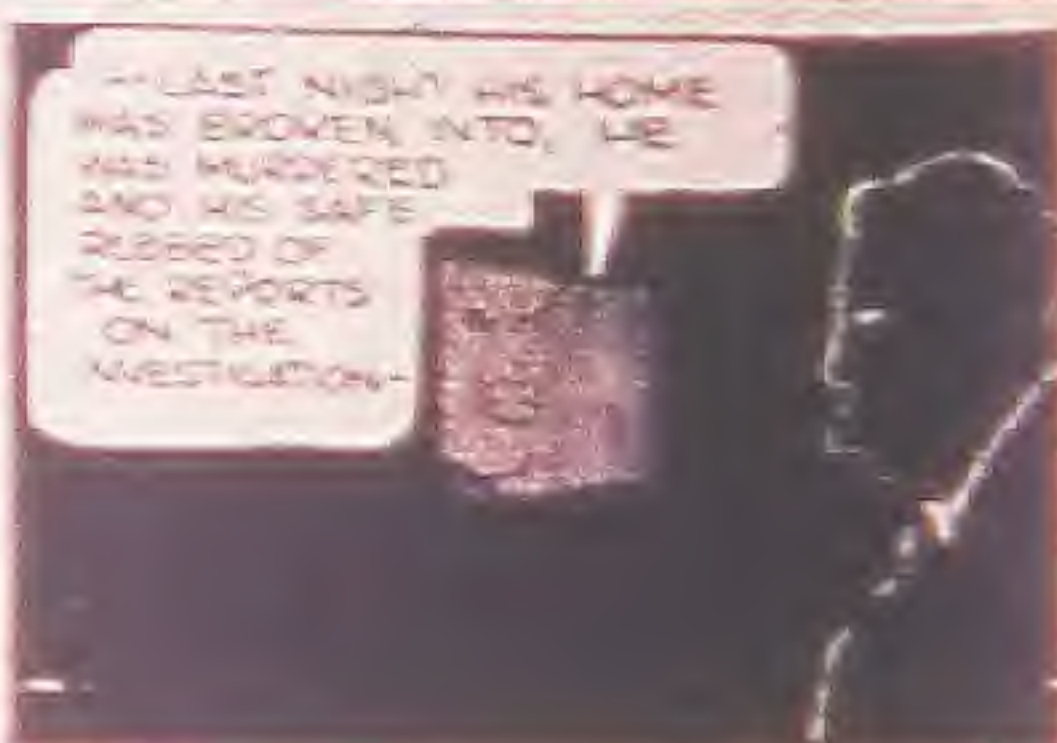
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WHY, AINT YOU WISE? HE BUMPED  
OFF WILLIS. AN' GOT TEN GRAND,  
COLD CASH-- BOW. YOU DON'T  
GET THEM JOBS  
OFTEN--

WELL--WELL--  
HE DO  
TH JOB  
FOR?



THAT'S SOMETHIN' NOBODY CAN  
GET OUTA HIM--IF YA ASK ME,  
THAT'S WHAT I THINK WAS SCARED  
OF--THE GUY HE DID THE JOB  
FOR--



WELL, I'M BREEDIN' OUTA THIS  
SECTION-- I DON'T WANNA BE  
IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS  
WHEN THEY START ROUNDIN'  
UP TH' BOYS FOR QUESTIONIN'  
SO LONG-- FELLAS!



--SO-- MEGLOIN MURDERED MAYOR  
WILLIS-- BUT THE MAIN QUESTION  
IS WHO WANTED HIM OUT OF THE  
WAY-- I'LL CHANGE MY CLOTHES  
AND GO  
MEGLOIN A  
VISIT--



TOSS YOUR GUN OUT AND  
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS  
HIGH, BUTCH--OR I'LL GO IN AND  
DRAG YOU OUT!

NEXTS!



OWAY! -- YOU ASKED  
FOR IT -- HERE I  
COME --



IN THE  
BLACKNESS  
OF THE  
ROOM,  
MEGLOIN  
TRIES TO  
SNEAK  
FOR HIS  
FUGGON--

LISTEN, FELLA,  
I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE  
GRAND IF YOU FORGET  
YOU WAS HERE--WHAT  
D'NA SAY!



IT'S NOT MONEY  
I WANT, BUTCH, IT'S  
INFORMATION--WHO  
PAID YOU TO KILL  
MAYOR WILLIS?

SO-- YOU  
COOP'S CAUGHT  
UP TO ME, EH--  
WELL, TAKE  
THAT--

BANG!



HAVING LOCATED BUTCH'S POSITION IN THE DARK, THE CLOCK LUNGES AT THE KILLER AND TAKES HIM BY SURPRISE.

I'M NOT THE COPS, BUTCH. I'M THE CLOCK!

TH' CLOCK! - OOF!! -

BAM!

OW! - DON'T HIT ME AGAIN - I GIVE UP -

OWAN, GO INTO THAT LIGHTED ROOM -

ZIFF

ZOWIE!

WITH HIS BLOWN TIRE, THE CLOCK QUESTIONS HIM -

TALK - WHO HIRED YOU?

HONEST, I DON'T KNOW. HE ALWAYS WORE A MASK - BUT I KNOW HE WAS A PICTURE OF A CROWN TATTOOED ON HIS CHEST - I SAW THE OUTLINE OF IT THROUGH A SILK SHIRT HE WAS WEARIN WHEN HE CALLED ME IN TO DO THE JOB -

- A CROWN ON HIS CHEST?? - I'VE SEEN THAT FELLOW - LET ME THINK - AT THE CLUB SWIMMING POOL???

I'VE GOT IT! - BUTCH THAT WAS AS SOON AS GIVING ME HIS ADDRESS -

AND ONE HOUR LATER, THE CLOCK CALLS CAPT KANE

HELLO, CAPTAIN KANE, THIS IS THE CLOCK - I'VE FOUND THE MAN WHO MURDERED THE MAN WHO WANTED THE JOB DONE - I WISHED THEM BOTH OVER TO 73 MINE STREET, YOU'LL FIND THEM IN ROOM 5 - HAVE I DODGED?

- SURE - THE PAPERS THAT WERE STOLEN FROM THE MAN WHO WAS MURDERED - HIS NAME? YOU'LL BE SURPRISED - I WANT YOU TO READ IT YOURSELF. YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE ME - YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING YOU NEED, PROOF, PAPERS, KILLER AND THE FELLOW WHO WAS GOING TO EXPOSE - GOOD NIGHT, CAPTAIN!

CAPT KANE SPEEDS TO THE 73 MINE STREET ADDRESS

- FUNNY, HE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHO IT WAS - HERE'S THE PLACE NOW!

- AND HE ENTERS ROOM NO. 5 -

COMMISSIONER LITZ - YOU!!!



# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About  
The Play  
That Left  
The Army  
Blinking

Barry Wood, leading Harvard quarterback who has not the army ragged all afternoon, walks coolly as the ball comes to him. The big men crash together. The point after touchdown is tumultuous in earnest.



Wood knew the pass was bad. Wood (under?) and the Army forwards are snapping down on the escape team's impossible. But the team's forward gets and takes a desperate chance.



Scrambling on the loose ball, by a desperate effort Wood dives right at—and through—the right flank of the charging cadets, forcing them from tackle and back.



And with the Army secondary lining and missing as he comes barreling through their worried team mate, Wood literally flies around left end and scores the goal for the 1 point Harvard is badly needed.

This is the chap, Barry Wood, whose fast thinking, quick action and courage gave Harvard a 18 to 13 win over the Army that Saturday afternoon, Oct. 17, 1921, at West Point. Barry Wood, one of Harvard's greats.







# MICKEY FINN

By FANK LEONARD







# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





NIPPIE

—E.S. SATTEN  
JACOBI & JONES

MICKEY FINN

① <http://www.unglobalization.org/newsroom>, 1/10/01.

By LANK LEONARD







# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the December issue—on sale October 28th.



# OFF THE RECORD BY SC REED

"DON'T WORRY, WE'LL WIN--  
I'M GOING TO PROVE  
YOU'RE  
CRAZY!"



"THERE MUST BE  
SOMETHING  
INTERESTING  
ABOUT YOU, THEY'RE  
FORMING A LINE!"

"HOW DID HE  
GET IN HERE?"



"ARCHIE IS CAMPAIGNING  
IN EARNEST SINCE HIS  
FATHER SAID HE MIGHT BE  
PRESIDENT SOME DAY!"



"I'M GOING TO STOP  
BUYING FOOD IN CANS  
YOU WASTE TOO MUCH  
TIME SHOOTING THE  
TOPS OFF!"



"MISTER WINTERBOTTOM  
IS USED TO BEING  
IN OVERCROWDED  
ELEVATORS!"





# ESPIONAGE

## A Complete Story-Starring the Black X

AS YOU KNOW, THE SUPREMACY AIRWAYS ARE INAUGURATING A NEW TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE. THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT HAS A HUNCH THAT AN ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO PREVENT THE FIRST FLIGHT FROM BEING A SUCCESS. THERE ARE FOREIGN CONSPIRACIES THAT WOULD LIKE TO PROMOTE SUCH A SERVICE. THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO SUCCEED. I HAVE ARRANGED A PASSAGE FOR YOU.

I UNDERSTAND THE "BLACK X" WILL DO THE BEST.

YOU KNOW THE STORY MULLIGAN, I'VE ARRANGED A PASSAGE FOR YOU— IF YOU FAIL, DON'T RETURN.

AIN'T NOBODY GONNA PUT OVER NOTHING ON MEYER MULLIGAN?



AND SOME PLACE IN THE BUSY METROPOLIS.

EVERYTHING IS READY HAVE THAT BOAT WAITING FOR ME. NO, DON'T WORRY, NO ONE SUSPECTS ME. I CAN ASSURE YOU, SIR, THAT THE "CLIPPER" WILL NEVER REACH EUROPE!



THE MORNING DAWN FOR THE TAKE OFF IS CLEAR AND SUNNY. THE PIER OF LOWER MANHATTAN ARE CROWDED WITH SIGHT-SEERS.

15 MINUTES TO THE TAKE OFF, SIR. MAY I SEE YOUR PAPERS, SIR? THANK YOU!

MY NAME IS JOHNSON SMITH. I'M AN AERONAUTICAL ENGINEER FROM WASHINGTON.

EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT, MR. SMITH.

HE SAID HIS NAME IS "SMITH II" — WHY?

— SMITH, SR.? FROM NEW YORK? NOTHING — JUST CURIOS.



ONCE INSIDE THE SHIP THE "BLACK X" GOES TO WORK.

WOW! WHAT AN ASSORTMENT OF NAMES! WHAT WAS THAT? JONATHAN ANDERSON.

SURE, LOOKING AT THE PASSENGER LIST BUT KINDA THOUGHT HE WAS SMITH. GONNA KEEP ME EYE ON HIM?

LATER

THIS IS MOST AMAZING! THAT DETECTIVE HAS BEEN SHADOWING ME FOR THE LAST TEN MINUTES!







## CONTACT!

WITH A BUSTLING ROAD  
THE HUSKARINUS JUMPS DOWN THE  
LOWER EBY, OFFS OFF THE WATER LINE  
A SILVER BIRD, CIRCLES MANHATTAN  
BLIND CHIEF AND THEN KONTU HER  
SAVING HOSE EASTWARD THE  
ATLANTIC OCEAN.

ON THE OBSERVATION DECK THE BLACK  
IT'S MET D'NEILLMAN.



SWELL SHE  
WANT IT? MR. EP  
WHAT DIDY SAY  
YES NAME WAS?

I DON'T SAY!  
OH - EXCUSE ME -  
HERE COMES THE  
STEWARDS - I WANT  
TO TALK WITH  
JIMMY!



STEWARDS, WOULD  
APPROPRIATE I VERY  
MUCH IF YOU WOULD  
SHOW ME ABOUT THE  
SHIP. MY DETECTIVE  
TRAILING IS GOING TO  
JIMMY NOW!

CERTAINLY, SIR!



HOW DO YOU  
KNOW I WAS A  
DETECTIVE?

YOUR TOST  
MY DOWNS  
MUSKIEAN - YOUR  
FEET - THERE  
CONSIDER!



NOW WE PASS OUT  
OF THE WINGING  
SANTA - AND A  
THE PLEASURE  
PROPER!

WHAT'S THAT  
ROOM MARKS  
GAMSTER?



OH, THAT! IT'S A  
STORAGE ROOM FOR  
EXPOSURES, TROCKETS  
AND THE LIKE, IN  
CASE WERE FORCED  
DOWN.

WHOSE ROOM  
IS NEXT TO THAT?



THAT'S A WAREHOUSE  
ROOM - OCCUPIED BY  
MR. JONATHAN ATTORNEY  
FORMER SUPERINTENDANT  
OF SUPERIOR AIRLINES.

IS THAT THE  
ONE YOU  
WANT TO MEET  
HIM?



MR. ATTORNEY THIS IS  
MR. SMITH OF  
NEW YORK.

SHOULD BE  
MEET YOU  
SIR!

HOW DO YOU  
DO?



WONDERFUL THAT  
WE SHOULD BE  
CHOSEN TO BE ON  
THIS EPOCH-MAKING  
TRIP.

YES, OH BY THE  
WAY, TO LIKE TO  
SHOW YOU SOME  
THING, THAT  
MIGHT INTEREST YOU.



TO GO  
BEHIND THE  
CONTROL ROOM.



WHERE WE ARE.

WELL, THAT  
IS THE MAGAZINE  
WHERE ALL THE  
DISCOVERIES ARE  
KEPT.



THE SHIPWRECK BEHIND THEM AN ANCIENT WORLD AHEAD OF THE  
FIRST FLIGHT. WHO COULD THE BLACK X'S PURPOSE BE? LISTEN BY  
PROJECT MICROPHONE TO HIS VOICE. AND REPORT FROM THE TRUTH-  
TALKING CIPHER. ...

HELLO AMERICA ---  
Q 54 PM --- ALL IS  
WELL --- 600 MILES  
NORTH-NORTHWEST  
OF THE AZORES ---  
CEILING HIGH ---  
THAT IS  
ALL ---

--- WELL --- IF ANYTHING IS  
GOING TO HAPPEN NOW WOULD  
BE THE TIME --- SURVIVORS WOULD  
NEVER BE FOUND OUT  
THERE

WHILE ON THE BIG SHIP THE BLACK  
X HAS LED HIS NEW FRIEND  
INTO THE SHIP'S ARSENAL ---

I SAY MR. SMITH,  
WHY ARE YOU  
LOOKING THE DOOR?

SO THAT WE CAN  
TALK UNDISTURBED ---  
HMM --- SO THE DOOR  
LEADING TO YOUR ROOM  
IS OPEN ---

DOO THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE A STATE-  
ROOM ADJACENT TO THE ARSENAL ---  
--- LETS SAY FOR INSTANCE IF A MAN  
WANTED TO BLOW UP THIS SHIP ---  
WHERE WOULD HE PUT THE BOMB?

--- IN THE ARSENAL OF COURSE WHERE  
IT WOULD DO A COMPLETE JOB ---  
MR. HENDERSON YOU WERE DISCHARGED  
FROM SUPERIOR AIRLINES TWO WEEKS  
AGO --- THATS A GOOD MOTIVE FOR  
REVENGE?!

SIR --- ARE YOU  
ALLUSING ME OF  
CONSPIRING TO  
BLOW UP THIS  
PLANE?

I AM --- AND  
WE'LL STAY IN  
THIS ROOM UNTIL  
YOU TELL ME A LIE!

--- GET OUT OF MY WAY! ---  
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE --- YOU'RE  
PRETTY SMART --- BUT I'M JUST A  
LITTLE SMARTER --- PUT UP  
YOUR HANDS!

HOW ARE YOU  
GOING TO GET OUT  
OF HERE BY OR  
WALK?

VERY FURRY!  
THE BOMB IS  
A TIMED EXPLOSIVE ---  
A FEW SECONDS  
BEFORE IT GOES OFF  
I'LL LEAVE THE  
SHIP!

IT'S A GOOD PLAN, AND A SHIP WILL  
BE WAITING FOR ME ---  
HEH --- WELL PLANNED ENOUGH ---  
--- THE BOMB IS RESTING  
NEARLY IN THIS ---  
VENTILATOR. WATCH  
IT FOR IN TEN MINUTES  
---

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO  
KNOW!

SUDDENLY THE BLACK X SLAMS HIS  
FOOT AGAINST A LIGHT SWITCH CAUSING  
A SHORT CIRCUIT AND THROWING THE  
ROOM INTO UTTER DARKNESS. ...







# TODDY

GEORGE MARCOUX



# Flassie

## AL ZÈRE

AL ZERE





# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCOW



# FLOSSIE

BY  
AL ZERE



More of Toddy and Flossie in the December Issue--on sale October 28th.





## DIXIE DUGAN

By E. P. McENVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL







# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL







## DIXIE DUGAN

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By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIESEL



More adventures of Dixie Dugan in the December issue—on sale October 28th.



# REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by



ARTHUR  
DUNCAN

IN REYNOLDS' CRAZY SERGEANT OF THE  
ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE REPORTS FOR  
DUTY



REYNOLDS, AN OUTLAW  
KNOWN AS THE TERROR,  
HAS BEEN STEALING FURS  
FROM TRAPPERS IN THE  
UPPER VALLEY SECTION.  
WE'VE GOT TO BREAK UP  
HIS GANG!



WITH COMPLETE DETAILS AND FIRST ACTIVITY  
OF THE TERROR AND HIS GANG, REYNOLDS  
HITS THE TRAIL IN AN EFFORT TO ACCOMPLISH  
WHAT NO OTHER MAN HAS BEEN ABLE TO DO

A WEEK LATER THE MOUNTIE REACHES A  
SMALL TRADING POST ON DEER LAKE



ENTERING THE TOWN OF SKELETON CREEK,  
HE HALTS HIS HORSE AT THE MAIN BUILDING,  
KANE'S GAMBLING HALL.



SO YOU WEE' NOT TELL  
ME WHERE YOU HAVE  
HIDDEN THOSE FURS, EH?

TAKE YOUR  
HANDS OFF  
THAT MAN!



OH-A MOUNTIE EH? PIERRE BATEAU  
STOPS FOR NO ONE - MAYBE I  
FEEL YOU TOO, HUH?

DOOP  
THAT  
KNIFE!



BOY-WHAT  
A SHOT!



BUT THE HALF-CRAZED BATEAU IGNORES  
THE MOUNTIES COMMAND AND RUSHES  
HEADLONG AT REYNOLDS WHO DODGES AND







WHEN REYNOLDS COMES TO, HE FINDS HIMSELF INSIDE THE CABIN CONFRONTED BY THE TERROR.



A VERY NICE BLOW, BATEAU—NOW THAT HE EES OUT OF OUR WAY WE WEE GO HEAD WEE TH OUR PLANS!



LISSEN MEN, THIS EES OUR LAST JOB EEN THIS TERRITORY—ZEN WE COME BACK, WE WEE KILL ZE MOUNTIE, AND MOVE ON!

GOOD!

GATHERING HIS MEN AROUND HIM, THE TERROR PLOTS TO ROB NEW TRAPPERS.

AFTER CAREFULLY EXPLAINING HIS PLANS TO THE MEN, THEY PREPARE TO LEAVE. BATEAU IS LEFT TO GUARD REYNOLDS.



ONE MOVE MOUNTIE, AN I BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!



AS TIME ELAPSES REYNOLDS SEEMS TO BE DOING OFF—THE OUTLAW ALSO BEGINS TO FEEL DROWSY. THEN THE MOUNTIE SPRINGS TO LIFE!



MAYBE THIS'LL PUT YOU OUT OF THE WAY FOR ANHILE!

CRACK!



GOOD GOSH! THEY'RE COMING BACK!

A CHATTER OF VOICES OUTSIDE THE CABIN STARTLES REYNOLDS—HE LEAPS TO THE WINDOW!

ALTHOUGH OUTNUMBERED FIVE TO ONE, REYNOLDS IS UNDAUNTED—TO BRING IN THE TERROR AND HIS GANG IS HIS ONLY OBJECTIVE.



PUT 'EM UP, MR TERROR, THE TABLES ARE TURNED NOW!







# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY M. ZUPPKE

WEEZY UP, NED - GET INTO WHAT YOU'RE DOING DOWN YOUR WAY CALL YOUR SUNDAY SHIRT

WHAT'S THE IDEA, BUOT

WE'RE GOING TO ASSAULT A BUNCH OF CARTERS BETTER LOOKING GALS WITH OUR VAST KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSE 'EM WITH OUR SHARP WIT

NOT FOR ME - NO GOOD AT THAT!

HEY - YOU CAN'T WEAR THAT HAT!

OH, CAN'T I? THOSE UPPERCLASSMEN THINK I'M GOING TO WEAR THAT GODDAMN LOOKING GREEN CAR. THEY'RE CRAZY!

LOST THE GAME IF WE MEET ANY, THERE'LL BE MISERABLE!

I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOUR BEING A DUNCE - YOU'RE A CLUSTER OF 'EM!

ALL THESE APPROACH TWO COMELY MAIDS WE MIGHT GIVE A BREAK!

I DON'T LIKE THIS!

HEY, BUDDYBOON! LOOK AT THE HAT ON THAT FRESHMAN!

LET'S NOT FORGET THE FACT THAT HE LIVES AT COACH BRANT'S HOME & INTERFERES WITH THE VEGAL PROGRAM, RED!

WAT WE CUP IN P

TAKE OFF YOUR NAKED BOYS - WE'LL CAN YOU BEAT THAT? IT'S THEIR REGULAR FACES!

WE'LL HAVE HIM BACK IN A JIFFY, GIRLS!

BOO WAS JUST WEARING THAT HAT FOR A JOKE, FELLOWS - REALLY!

TAKE OFF THAT FASHION MAGAZINE LID, FRESHMAN!

I WON'T - AND NEITHER YOU NOR ANY OTHER DUMB GUY LIKE YOU CAN MAKE ME!

OHAY, RED - WE'LL PUT HIM THROUGH ROUTINE NO. 27!

NO 26A IS MORE SUITABLE IF I MAY BE SO BOLDA TO OFFER A SUGGESTION!

UNLESS WE'RE MIS- taken, the gentleman watching these activities is Carter College's President John Alden who, to put it mildly, disapproves of having



DELTA PHI

## COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

FOUNDED AT UNION COLLEGE SCHENECTADY, N. Y., NOV. 17, 1827 BY TEN MEN. THIRD OF AMERICAN COLLEGE FRATERNITIES IN ORDER OF ESTABLISHMENT.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



HOW COME YOUR VARSITY LOOK TO YOU, COACH?

I MAY BE TOO OPTIMISTIC, BUT I BELIEVE WE'RE ABOUT TO BREAK OUR LOSING STREAK.



GIVE THE BOYS A CLOSE EXAMINATION, JAKE.

COACH, I'LL EVEN LOOK FOR SIGNS OF DANDYLAGE.



THE VARSITY BURE TOLD US UP TODAY!

ANY THAT BUNCH COULDN'T BEAT A DUSTY RUC WITH 17 SUBSTITUTIONS!



THAT'S THE STUPID FRESHMAN - KEEP ON THAT GREEN CAP AND YOU WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE!

ON YOUR HAT, BARFIELD LARD - WE'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR SMOTHERING ME UP IN FRONT OF A SHELL DANGER.



BERRY WHOLE TUNED LIKE A GUITAR, STEINO!

NOTE FOR YOU FROM PRESIDENT DONALDSON: OFFICIAL COACH.



GET ME RED LIGHT AND BLOODSHON, JAKE?

ANYTHING WRONG?



YOU WANT FOR US, COACH?

DO YOU FELLOWS THROW BOO SHERELS IN THE CAMPUS LAKE?



WELL, HE REFUSED TO WEAR HIS GREEN CAP AND HE GOT FRESH - AND THERE WAS THE LAKE - AND -

PRESIDENT DONALDSON HAS JUST DECLARED YOU BOTH INELIGIBLE FOR THE ONE GAME I THOUGHT WE MIGHT WIN!



JUST FOR ISSING THAT FRANT DROGGER IN THE LAKE WE GET SENSORED BY ORDER OF PRESIDENT DONALDSON.

I FEEL LIKE I'D POISONED A BUNO HANG DOG, RED - NOW ABOUT YOU AND COACH BANGS CARTER, CAN'T WIN WITHOUT US.

SENSORED FOR HAZING ME, BOY, THEY MUST FEEL ANTI-CLAY MAYBE -



ALPHA  
PHI  
DELTA

## COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

FOUNDED AT SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY IN 1912. STARTED ON A NATIONAL PROGRAM AFTER ITS UNION WITH A LOCAL OF SIMILAR NAME WHICH HAD EXISTED MORE THAN A YEAR AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

WITHOUT YOU, RED, AND BLUDGEON, WE'LL GET NOPPED UP LIKE AN OLD BACK ROOM IN THAT GAME!

MAYBE PRESIDENT DONALDSON WILL LIFT OUR SUSPENSION, COACH.

THE ONLY CHANCE WOULD BE FOR BUD TO GO TO HIM.

WE TREATED HIM PRETTY ROUGH—IN AFRALO HE HINT A GOOD ENOUGH SPORT TO TRY TO GET US REINSTATED.

?

PRESIDENT DONALDSON LEFT ORDERS NOT TO BE DISTURBED!

ONE SIDE, SWEET AND Dainty—I'M GOING IN!

WELL?

I HAD TO SEE YOU GIRL—IT'S VERY IMPORTANT, NO KID—I MEAN REALLY!

I'M SURE THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TOUCHED ME IF I HADN'T REFUSED TO WEAR MY GREEN CAP, AND BOY HOW WE NEED THEM IN THAT GAME!

CHANGING YOUR ATTENTION IN COMING HERE, SHEKELS, AND—WELL—WE'LL SEE.

COUL—THAT'S HOT STU—I MEAN—THANK YOU VERY MUCH, PRESIDENT DONALDSON!

WHY WON'T YOU SEE THE PRESIDENT, BOO FANNERS'S YOUR SCHOOL SPIRIT?

WHAT DID THE SCHOOL EVER DO FOR ME EXCEPT MAKE ME WEAR A CAP THATO MYN FIRST PRIZE AT ANY MASQUERADE?

MESSAGE FOR COACH BRANT FROM PRESIDENT DONALDSON—

THANK YOU—DOES HE EXPECT AN ANSWER?

BLUDGEON AND RED LIGHT CAN PLAY!

AND THE PRESIDENT SAYS WE CAN THANK BOO SHEKELS!

BUT WE WANT YOU TO KNOW WE THINK YOU'RE A GREAT GUY, BUD!

SKIP IT! I DON'T DO IT FOR YOU—I DID IT FOR—AW, I DON'T KNOW WHY I DO IT—I MUST HAVE BEEN TEMPORARILY INSANE!

## COLLEGE FRATERNITIES



ALPHA KAPPA LAMBDA

FOUNDED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA APRIL 22, 1914. EMINENT ALUMNI: JUSTICE MARVIN B. ROSENBERG, WISCONSIN SUPREME COURT; LEE E. BASSETT, PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, STANFORD UNIVERSITY.





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Ned Brant is continued in the December issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale October 28th.



# PIRATES AHOY!!.....

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

## *A Governor Who Hunted Treasure*

Sir William Phips, first royal governor of the colony of Massachusetts, was as well acquainted with pieces of eight as he was with diplomacy and the art of handling people. His exploits in going out after sunken treasure and bringing home the bullion brought him knighthood.

He was governor of Massachusetts at the time of the Salem witchcraft excitement, but let it be said to his credit that he was at Quebec fighting the French at the height of the frenzy. When he returned he put a stop to the hangings and turned out of jail scores of innocent persons who were about to suffer death in the insane frolic of the witch-ridden saints of Salem. Governor Phips simply explained to the people that he had learned that the devil had been very active in Massachusetts during his absence, and had taken on the forms and appearances of many good citizens. The damage had been done by the devil, and there was no sense in hanging the citizens whom the devil had been impersonating.

He was born in 1650 near Wiscasset, Maine, which has treasure stories of its own.

According to Cotton Mather, who wrote one of the most detailed biographies of Governor Phips that has come down to us, William was one of a family of twenty-six children, twenty-one of whom were boys.

So William hadn't a chance to learn to read or write until he was earning his own living as a shipwright, at the age of eighteen. When he did learn to read, he took a fancy to tales of pirates and galleons and treasure of the Spanish Main. He became quite an authority on these closely allied subjects.

At about the age of twenty-three William Phips took a contract to build a ship out of Maine

timber, and about the same time he married a ship captain's daughter. He sailed his newly built ship to Boston, and delivered her to her owners. He was not given command of this vessel, because he had failed to bring into Boston a cargo of lumber on his first trip. Instead, he brought in a full load of refugees who were fleeing from an Indian massacre.

Phips obtained employment in a shipyard in Boston, and continued to keep extensive notes on all treasure stories that came his way. Also, he talked about treasure-hunting wherever he thought he might eventually obtain assistance toward outfitting an expedition.

In 1681, when Phips was thirty-one years old, he started upon his first treasure-seeking venture. He had a small sloop, furnished by a Boston owner who was willing to take a chance.

From island to island, and from reef to reef, Captain Phips sailed, taking soundings, listening to tales told by natives, and employing the skillful black divers of the West Indies to follow up his information.

He succeeded in bringing up from an old wrecked galleon off the coast of Hispaniola a few large bars of silver. Not enough to make anybody rich, but enough to pay his way to England and furnish his expenses while organizing an expedition on a larger scale.

Captain Phips went to London with definite information about a certain wrecked treasure galleon. He had a regular treasure-seeker's map, with a cross marking the spot where the treasure lies.

I do not know why he had not brought up the treasure on his first trip, since he knew where it lay. Possibly he had made too liberal an arrangement with the Boston ship-owner, and had no intention of making the big strike until he had the cards more in his favor.

He stayed in London nearly a year, seeking audience with King Charles the Second. By dint of much wire-pulling and sharing of the treasure he had already brought up, he succeeded. King Charles liked the scheme. It sounded romantic and sporting to him. For a goodly share of the treasure, Charles agreed to furnish a ship and some sort of a crew. The bargain was struck on this basis.

The vessel was the navy frigate *Rose*, lately captured from the Algerian corsairs. She mounted eighteen guns and carried nearly a hundred men.

The *Rose* sailed from London in the fall of 1682, and stopped in Boston harbor for several weeks. To Boston's great distress it was demonstrated that the crew furnished by His Majesty for the treasure-hunting expedition was a pack of cutthroat scoundrels. Every Saturday evening the drunken sailors of the *Rose* frigate gave a riot on the Common, and there was much smashing of heads. Captain Phips himself was dragged before a magistrate for fighting, and in a loud voice gave the learned jurist a piece of his mind.

The crew rose up in mutiny while diving operations were going on near the island of Nassau. A few sailors remained faithful, but the great majority joined in a plot to throw Captain Phips over the side and go pirating.

"What's the use of diving for the stuff, when we can just as easily take it off ships still afloat?" they argued.

Phips was informed of the impending mutiny just in time to defend himself and his ship. He turned all the guns of the *Rose* upon the camp of the mutineers when they had been driven ashore. The disloyal sailors spent a day out in the jungle, plotting. The captain halted the group when it emerged





from the woods and began loading equipment upon his vessel, preparatory to getting under weigh. The mutineers, unable to argue with the ship's guns, confessed, begged, and were taken aboard. But Captain Phips would not risk further operations with them. He sailed to Jamaica, turned his mutineers loose ashore, and shipped a new crew.

On the next trip, Phips anchored six north of the harbor called Port Plate, on the island of Hispaniola, where now is the republic of Haiti. This harbor, on the north side of the island, got its name, as all men know in these days, from the wreck of a Spanish galleon carrying a great load of silver plate, forty-four years before the arrival of Captain Phips on the scene.

After many weeks of dragging and diving in the vicinity of the reef marked with the cross on the map, Captain Phips sailed away to England with never a bar of silver. He endeavored to interest the crown in a bigger and better treasure hunting expedition, but the crown was now being worn by James the Second, who would have nothing to do with such an enterprise. James took the Rose away from Phips and put it back into naval service.

There followed a series of misfortunes, including a term in jail in London. But Captain Phips interested the Duke of Althermarle

and some of his friends in the treasure hunt, and got a ship and a new royal permit to hunt the Spanish wreck.

The expedition sailed in the James and Mary, a small merchant ship, in 1685. Much diving by the natives produced nothing, until a certain day when the work along a promising reef was about to be abandoned. A diver took one last plunge to get a beautiful marine plant that could be seen through the clear water. He got the plant—and a heavy lump of silver, encrusted with coral.

The wreck had been located in thirty-six feet of water. The rest was work and high romance. Diving and stowing treasure kept all hands busy and happy.

Within two weeks they had stowed away on the James and Mary thirty-two tons of silver bars and lumps. There were no less than five bushels of pieces of eight, knocked out of the masses of coral brought up from the old galleon. There was a goodly quantity of gold, and some jewels.

Captain Phips sailed back to London with treasure worth, in modern terms, approximately two million dollars.

The King was mightily impressed. Kings can understand the language of gold and silver. Phips wasn't put into jail any more. He was knighted by the king, and was offered any job that might be vacant. But he wanted another chance at the treasure. He got up a second expedition. When it reached the spot marked by the cross, in the sea was black with barges and divers, and there wasn't enough loot left in the old galleon to load a canoe! The news of the great boom had spread rapidly, although there were no telegraphs or cables.

On his return to England, Phips was appointed high sheriff of Massachusetts. He returned to Boston and built a fine brick house for himself and his wife, at the corner of Charter Street and Green Lane, afterwards Salem Street.

In 1692 he was appointed first royal governor of Massachusetts. He had a rather stormy time of it, but remained always captain of the ship. He died in 1694, and lies buried in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London. On his tombstone the whole story of the treasure is inscribed.

## THE BARBARIAN

A thrilling tale of ancient Sybaris and Macedon, starts in the December issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES** - on sale October 28th.

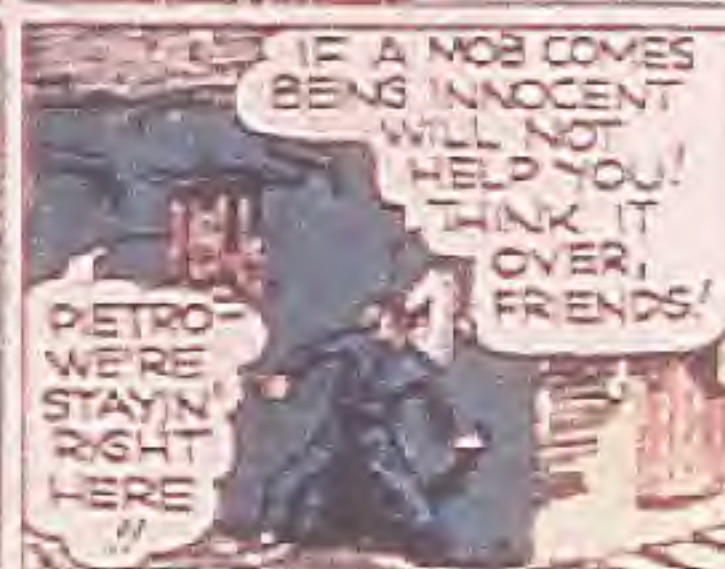






# SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch



CONTINUED

Slim and Tubby is continued in the December issue—on sale October 28th.



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



THIS SIGNPOST  
IN THE KHYBER PASS.

India

ROUTES CAMEL  
AND HORSE  
TRAFFIC OVER  
ONE ROAD AND  
MOTOR VEHICLES OVER  
ANOTHER



YOUNGEST BRIDE TO  
BECOME A "FIRST LADY"

ELIZA MCCORDLE MARRIED  
ANDREW JOHNSON AT 16--  
AND TAUGHT HER HUSBAND,  
LATER PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.,  
TO READ AND WRITE

SPANISH MOSS,  
NEITHER SPANISH NOR A MOSS,  
IS NOT A PARASITE--YET DIES IF THE TREE  
IT GROWS ON DIES...



TAKING WATCHES APART  
WAS A FAVORITE PASTIME  
OF PETER THE GREAT,  
RUSSIAN CZAR...



GUINEA PIG EXPLORERS!

CRIMINALS WERE THE  
FIRST MEN SENT ASHORE  
BY 16TH CENTURY PORTUGUESE  
EXPLORATION PARTIES--TO SEE  
IF IT WERE SAFE FOR THE  
OTHERS TO LAND



ALL-WEATHER  
BIRD--

THE ROBIN, WIDELY  
REGARDED AS A  
HARBINGER OF SPRING,  
IS CONSIDERED AN OMEN  
OF SNOW AND FROST IF IT  
ENTERS A HOUSE IN  
SOUTHERN IRELAND

THE  
FIRE THAT BURNED  
FOR 1200 YEARS!

PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA,  
EGYPT, "FATHER OF LIGHTHOUSES,"  
HAD A BONFIRE BEACON  
VISIBLE FOR 27 MILES...

OVER 350 FEET HIGH,  
THIS 7TH WONDER OF THE WORLD  
WAS ERECTED ABOUT 250 B.C.  
AND KITCHED BY TRICKERY  
IN THE 11TH CENTURY WHEN  
TODD WENT IN SEARCH OF A  
FAMOUS TREASURE, FUSION  
REFUSED TO GIVE UP EVENING  
AND WASTED... DESTROYED



John Hix



# LALA PALOOZA

BY PAUL GOLDENBERG

THIS IS MY SANITARY  
HOT DOG PASSER FOR  
FOOTBALL GAMES!

AN SS--  
TO RATHER  
GO TO THE  
RACE-  
TRACK!

TWO  
PLEASE!

GLASS-  
BOTTOM  
BOATS  
TO  
SUBMARINE  
GARDENS--  
SEE ALL THE  
DEEP-SEA  
FISH \$1.00

VINCENT--  
A LITTLE  
NATURE  
STUDY WILL  
BE GOOD  
FOR YOU!

I DONT  
WANNA  
GO!

NOW FOLKS, LET  
US FIRST VIEW THE  
LESS IMPORTANT  
FLORA OF THE  
DEEP AS WE GO  
THROUGH SHALLOW  
WATER!!

I ONLY  
LIKE  
COOKED  
FISH

RIGHT UNDER  
US IS A  
SCHOOL OF  
RUBBER-TOOTHED  
DUFFEL-  
POOPS!

OH!

SO WHAT?

I GOT SOMETHIN'  
MORE IMPORTANT  
THAN FISH TO  
THINK  
ABOUT!

ON A WET TRACK THAT  
SAUSAGE CAKE IS A CINCH,  
BUT IF IT CLEARS UP I'LL  
LAY TWO  
BUCKS ON  
JAM  
SESSION!

I LIKE  
PICCOLO  
IN THE 4TH  
RACE, BUT--

UMPF!

NOW WE GAZE AT THE  
LARGER CREATURES OF  
THE SEA AND THE  
LOWEST FORM OF  
ANIMAL LIFE!

SWELL!!

AH! SOMETHING RARE  
IN THESE WATERS!  
LOOKS LIKE THE  
SPONGE-HEADED  
SLUPOLA!!

OH!

AN I WAS  
JUST STARTIN' 'EM! THEY'RE  
STUDYIN' THE FISH!  
FISH!

WELL STUDY  
THEM! THEY'RE  
STUDYIN' THE FISH!  
FISH!



# Lala Palooza

By Russ Goldberg

VINCENT-WHAT SORT OF A NEW GADGET IS THAT?

IT'S A BED I INVENTED TO MAKE PEOPLE AIR-MINDED!

CLOUD

CLOUD

CLOUD

VINCENT-WHY DID WE EVER COME HOME BY PLANE-I'M SCARED STIFF!

AW-WE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE BUT OUR LIVES, SIS!

DID YOU CALL ME MADAM?

YES-HAVE WE GOT ENOUGH GAS? WILL WE BE HIT BY LIGHTENING? CAN THE PILOT FALL ASLEEP? WILL A WING DROP OFF?

OH-H-I'M SURE WE'RE GONNA BUMP RIGHT INTO THAT MOUNTAIN!!



HOW CAN WE LAND ON THAT LITTLE FIELD? WE'LL CRASH SURE!!



WHAT A RELIEF TO BE BACK ON FIRM GROUND AGAIN!

BUT YOU GOTTA ADMIT SIS, THAT HOSTESS WAS SOME EYE-FULL!!



LET'S WALK VINCENT- SO WE CAN FEEL THE NICE SAFE GROUND UNDER OUR FEET!

DID YOU NOTICE HER EYES?



SO PEACEFUL!!



SO CALM!

CRASH



SO QUIET!

BANG



SO RESTFUL



SO--



SIS-I STILL SAY THAT HOSTESS WAS A KNOCK-OUT!



# LALA PALOOZA

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

HERE'S MY ALARM WHEN YOUR WIFE GOES THROUGH YOUR TROUSER POCKETS -- WHEN SHE DISTURBS TROUSERS STRINGS LIGHTS RED FLASH-LIGHT, CAUSING WOODPECKER TO MISTAKE YOUR NOSE FOR A STICK OF RED-WOOD AND AS HE PECKS IT AWAKENS YOU!



VINCENT, HERE'S YOUR COAT AND SHOES--I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU TILL THE GIRLS GO



GUESS I'LL SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE CLUB



HELLO YOU DUCKED OUT ON OUR CHATTERING WIVES, EH? GIMME A STACK OF REDS



LADIES, I'M SO DELIGHTED THAT YOU'RE ALL HERE-- I'VE GOT THE CUTEST IDEA FOR A HOLIDAY CHARITY CLUB!



WE'LL CALL OURSELVES THE "HAPPY HOLIDAY HELPERS"--AND NOW WE'LL ALL MAKE A LIBERAL CONTRIBUTION



I'M SO SORRY LALA--I CAN'T GIVE A THING NOW! MY HUSBAND JUST HAD AWFUL LUCK IN WALL STREET!



LALA--I COULDN'T ASK HENRY FOR A CENT--HE JUST GOT ME THIS MINK COAT!



ONLY LAST NIGHT OSWALD SAID WE'D HAVE TO ECONOMIZE



POOR GORDON IS FRANTIC WITH TAXES!

THANKS GENTLEMEN-- ANYBODY WANT TO BORROW CAREFARE?



WHAT A ROLL TO LAY ON HANG-NAIL IN THE FOURTH RACE TOMORROW!!



BOO HOO--ALL MY HOLIDAY HAPPINESS WILL NOW BE SPOILED BECAUSE OF THOSE TIGHT HUSBANDS



SURE SURE

SIS--THE HUSBANDS DON'T KNOW IT--BUT HERE'S WHAT THEY ALL KICKED INTO YOUR CHARITY DRIVE!





# LALA PALOOZA

VINCENT'S  
THANKSGIVING  
GUEST PROTECTING  
CARVING SHIELD



More of Lala Palooza and Vincent in the December Issue—on sale October 28th.







# Teamwork TURNS THE TRICK

1. DOCTOR: Your mother is full over-  
seas. You got to stand by till  
she comes to. But we'll send this medicine  
when she dies. Ride to the drug  
store as fast as you can.



JOE: Here's a sticker with "I  
stand by." You phone the store  
to give it to Eddie Kent. Then  
phone him to get it and take me  
to meet me.

2. JOE: Gee, I'm glad we've both got  
Westfield-made bikes! You need a  
smooth riding job in this country.



3. JOE: You made real  
time, Eddie. Thanks  
a lot!



4. DOCTOR: Just in time, boy!  
Never thought you'd make it  
at all!

EDDIE: These Westfields have what  
it takes! I'll ride back with you.



JOE: These Eddie Kent, Doctor, but  
I sure we'll make it on these West-  
field-made bikes!



You'll be proud of any bike with this  
seal on the front mudguard! Eddies  
offer you anywhere on the owner  
of the top bike in its class. Be sure  
this seal (on the famous Columbia  
nameplate) is on any bike you buy!

You can count on a bike made by Westfield  
to go the whole route always! Over 60  
years experience is behind every bike  
made by America's oldest bicycle makers.  
Number one bike in this famous line is  
the Columbia—one of the world's most  
famous bicycles. But any bike made by  
Westfield is tops in its class—for looks,  
snappy looks, up-to-date features and  
smooth, easy riding.

It's a trick to tell a Westfield-made  
bike anywhere. Just look for the special  
seal on the front mudguard. "Back by  
the Makers of Columbia Bicycles." Make  
sure this seal (on the world's famous  
Columbia nameplate) is on any bike you  
want. Then, you'll know you're getting  
the best bicycle your money can buy. And  
that goes double for the new Columbia  
and Westfield lightweight!

Get your bicycle dealer today. There's  
none to be out of these great bikes that's  
piled right for you. Mail coupon now for  
your free copy of the illustrated booklet,  
"How to Care for a Bicycle." It will help  
you get some fun from your bike.

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